A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MUSES FAREWEL

TO

Popery & Slavery,

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

Miſcellany Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

Made by the Moſt Eminent Wits of the Nation, as the Shams, Intreagues, and Plots of Prieſts and Jeſuits gave occaſion.

Suis & ipſa Roma, viribus ruit, Hor.

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THE

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The Observator. Or the History of Hodge, *as reported by some; from his siding with* Noll, *and scribling for* Rome.

STand forth thou grand Impostor of our time,
The Nations scandal, Punishment and Crime;
Unjust Usurper of ill gotten Praise,
Unmatch'd by all but thy leud *Brother Bays*;
How well have you your sev'ral Gallants chose,
Damnably to plague the World in Verse and Prose.
Like two *Twin Comets*; when you do appear
We justly may suspect some danger near.
He lately did under correction pass,
Honour'd by that great hand that gave the Lash,
A doom too glorious for that cursed head,
And unproportion'd to the Life he lead,
But you are to a viler fate design'd,
To suffer by a vulgar hand like mine,
We'll tear your Vizard and unmask your shame,
And at each corner Gibbet up your name.
Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.
Under Usurping *Noll* you first began
To rear your Head and shew your self a Man;
Unpittying saw the Royal Party fall,
And Danc'd and Fiddled to the Funeral;
Disclaim'd their Interest and renounc'd their side,
And with the Independant straight comply'd;

Officious in their Service wrote for Hire;
A brisk Crowdero in the Factious Quire:
Your nimble Pen on all their Errands run;
The Horoscope still opens to the Sun.
There 'twas in those unhappy days,
You laid foundation for designed Praise;
By disrespect ignobly purchas'd shame,
And damn'd your Soul to scandalize your Name:
When *Charles* at length by Providence came in,
You fac'd about and quickly chang'd the Scene;
Turn'd to new Notes your mercenary strings,
Began to play Divinity of Kings:
Your former Master straightway is forgot,
Stil'd Villain, Rogue, Thief Murderer, what not?
Such recompence he doth deserve to have,
Who for his Interest durst employ a Knave.
Now 'twas a time you thought to take your ease,
After such great Exploits perform'd as these:
Applauding to your self your own deserts,
You strait set up for a vain Ass of Parts;
Resolving that the Ladies too should know,
What other Tricks and Gambals you could do.
Was there a skipping Whore about the Town?
Or private Baudy-house to you unknown?
Here for a Stallion, there for a Pimp you went;
To do both Drudgeries alike content.
But Ill success you had with Madam C——*k*,
Whom in the Act her Husband took:
Strong *Bastinado* o're your shoulders laid,
Made you a while surcease that letcherous trade,
Till growing old in customary sin,
You with a Chaster Lady did begin,
Whom when you found she all Assaults refus'd,
And would not yield her self to be abus'd;

Down

Down on your Knees you presently was laid,
And thus (O righteous Heaven) devoutly pray'd:
Since you disdain the kind request to grant,
Dear Madam let me lay my hand upon't.
This is the Man whose whole Discourse and tone,
Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion;
Was such a Godly Rascal ever known?
But now reform'd by indigence of Gold.
Your former wanton course grew slack and cold,
For 'twas at first indeed too hot to hold.
Now new expedients must employ your Brain,
And other Methods for advance of Gain;
Something contriv'd in private, touch'd the State,
Which made you timely think of a retreat;
Beyond Sea then the wretched Caitiff flies,
A guilty Conscience has Quick-sighted Eyes.
When you return'd, you fell to work amain,
And took up your old Scribling trade again;
Some sorry scandal on Fanaticks thrown,
And viler Canting upon Forty one;
You thought sufficient to oblige the Crown;
Then who but you, the World was all your own?
Now for the Church of *England* you declare,
A witty zealous Protestant appear;
Your secret spies and emissaries use
To pay for false Intelligence and News:
When nam'd in two Diurnals you dispence
Equally void of Reason, Truth, and Sense,
Guinea's now from every quarter came
To pay respect to your encreasing Fame,
While you at *Sam*'s like a grave Doctor sate,
Teaching the Minor Clergy how to prate,
Who lickt your Spittle up and then came down,
And shed the nasty Drivel o're the Town.

Ay theſe were bleſſed times and happy days,
When all the World conſpired to your praiſe:
He who refus'd and would no Token ſend,
Muſt be traduc'd as the Diſſenters Friend:
And that your Greatneſs no regard might lack,
You got a Knighthood chopt upon your Back.
But ſomething now has ſtopt that rapid ſtream,
And you have nothing more to ſay for them:
Your piercing Eye diſcovers from a far,
The glittering Glory of ſome further Star,
Which bids you pay your adoration there.
Inconſtant Rover, whether do'ſt thou tend?
When will thy tedious Villanies have end?
Whither at laſt do'ſt thou intend to go?
Of which party wilt thou e'er prove true?
To Turk, or Pope, to Proteſtant or Jew?
Should I here all thy Villanies recount,
To what a mighty ſumm do they amount?
Thy ſolemn Proteſtations, Oaths and Lies,
Devices, Shams, Evaſions, Periuries,
My Paper to a Volumn would exceed,
Of greater bulk than *Hollingſhead* and *Speed*.
For thou art now ſo ſcandalouſly known,
And ſo remarkable in Vice alone,
That every one can find a ſtone to throw
At ſuch a ſnarling pimping Cur as thou.
But wretch! if ſtill thou art not paſt all Grace,
And wholſome counſel can with thee find place;
If thou at laſt ſincerely wouldſt attone,
And expiate thy former miſchiefs done,
Like dying *Judas* render back thy pelf,
Recant thy Books and then go hang thy ſelf.

The

The Farewell.

I.

FArewell *P*——, farewell Cross;
Farewell *C*——, farewell Ass.
Farewell *P*——, farewell Tool,
Farewell *S*——, farewell Fool.

II.

Farewell *M*——, farewell *Scot*;
Farewell *B*——, farewell Sot.
Farewell *R*——, farewell Trimmer;
Farewell *D*——, farewell Rhymer.

III.

Farewell *B*——, farewell Villain;
Farewell *W*——, worse than *Trefilian*,
Farewell Chancellor, farewell Mace;
Farewell Prince, farewell Race.

IV.

Farewell Q——, farewell Passion;
Farewell K——, farewell Nation,
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope;
Farewell all that deserve a *R*——.

The SCAMPERERS.

To the Tune of, *Packinton's Pound.*

WHen the Joy of all Hearts, & deſire of all Eyes,
In whom our chief Refuge and Confidence lies,
The Proteſtant Bulwark againſt all Deſpair,
Has depriv'd us at once, of her ſelf and her Heir:
That hopeful young *Thing*,
Begot by a King,
And a Q. whoſe Perfections o'er all the world ring.
A Father whoſe Courage no Mortal can daunt,
And a Mother whoſe Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

When *Jeffryes* reſigns up the Purſe and the Mace,
Whoſe impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place,
When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his pride,
And the Knot of his Villanies ſtrangely unty'd.
From the Chancery Bawling,
He turns a Tarpaulin;
Men ſtill catch at any thing when they are falling:
But a plague of ill fortune, before he could ſcoure,
He was taken at *Wapping*, and ſent the *Tower*.

III.

When Confeſſor *Petre's* does yield up the Game,
And proves to the worſt of Religion a ſhame;
When his cheating no more o're our Reaſon prevails,
But is blaſted like that of his true Prince of *Wales*:

Which

Which was his Contrivance,
And our Wise King's Connivance,
To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence:
But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,
And the coming of *Orange* has quite spoil'd the Jest.

IV.

When *Pet* —— noted for all that is ill,
Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will;
At the hearing which words he did stare, foam & roar,
Then broke out in Cursing and calling her Whore.
And for two hours at least
His Tongue never ceas'd,
He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him expire,
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

Young *S*——— fam'd in this great Expedition,
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission;
It's no Mystery to me if his Courage did fail,
When the greatest of Monarchs himself did turn Tail:
So that if he took Flight,
With his Betters by night,
I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right;
For the Papists this Maxim do every where hold,
To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.

VI.

Nor should *B*———, *P*———, and *A*— throng,
But each in due place have his Attributes sung.
Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,
They'll be call'd to account for their Treasonable Crimes,
While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*,
Is not yet quite forgot,
For which the Lord *St*—— went justly to Pot;

And

And to their great comfort I'll make it appear,
They that gave them their Freedom, themſelves are
(not clear.

VII.

Wi. W —, that Friend to the Biſhops and Laws,
As the Devil would have it, eſpous'd the wrong Cauſe;
Now loath'd by the Commons, and ſcorn'd by the
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears, (Peers,
Both our *Britains* are fool'd,
Who the Laws over-rul'd,
And next Parliament each will be plaguily ſchool'd:
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw
To preſerve you from Judgment according to Law.

VIII.

Sir *Edward Hale*'s Actions I ſhall not repeat,
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat,
Pen's Hiſtory ſhall be related by *Lobb*,
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb,
All their *Prieſts* and *Confeſſori*,
With their Dumb *Idol-Dreſſers*,
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Tranſgreſ-
(ſors,
And no *Papiſt* henceforth ſhall theſe Kingdoms inhe-
(rit,
But ORANGE ſhall reap the Fruit of his Merit.

The

The Miracle; How the Dutchess of Modena *(being in Heaven) prayed the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady sent the Angel* Gabriel *with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.*

To the Tune of, O *Youth, thou handst better been starv'd at Nurse.* *In* Bartholomew-Fair.

YOU Catholick States men and Church-men (rejoyce,
And Praise Heavens Goodness with Heart and (with Voice;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the three.
Her Miracles bold,
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told;
'Tis pity that every good Catholick living, (ving.
Had not heard on't before the last day of Thanksgi-

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutchess (ches,
Was snatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel Clut-
When to Heaven she came (for thither she went)
Each Angel received her with Joy and Content.
On her knees she fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that Gods Mother would grant her one Boon; Give

Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Nose out of Joynt.

III.

As soon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, she straight gave Commission;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her shoulders divine,
And charg'd him to hasten to *England*'s fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the same,
And bid her for ever to praise my Great Name;
For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most Insolent Hereticks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this, Only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to visit the Land;
And the Spirit of Love,
Shall come from above,
Tho not as before, in form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Message with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was Q. *M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, & Commons, Consenters
You Commissioners all,
Ecclesiastical,
From *M*—— the Dutiful, to *C*——the Tall;
Pray Heaven to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Womans patience vex'd?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive;
While mine are dead e'er well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And ſtreight accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency:
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear he bends the Knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;
Confuſedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba*'s Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the *South*, 'tis ſaid, did come,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the difference does ariſe,
Though equally we ſought the Prize;
What that great Queen deſir'd ſhe gain'd,
But I ſoon found your Treaſury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis ſad Experience tells this Truth:

Though

Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.
J. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak.
These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.
But, if you'll smooth your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.
I took you with an empty Purse,
Which was to me no trivial Curse,
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me surprize
With VVonder, not with Admiration,
Astonishment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I see in all your Frame,
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raise the least Desire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid such Service as was due,
VVorthy my self, and worthy you:
Caress'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Estate.
VVhen soon I found your haughty mind
VVas unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And first you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
VVhile I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was still obey'd:
Nor durst I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.

I took

I took such measures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your slave.
Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You still resolv'd your course to steer:
All that oppose you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now several Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply:
To Mother Church you take Recourse,
She tells you 'tmust be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.
When mounted to the place you sought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Prospect stood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood:
Which to your prospect gave offence,
And it must be remov'd from thence.
In this you also are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.
Now you was quiet for a while,
As flattering Weather seems to smile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found fresh matter for your spite,
And set to work your busie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some VViſe, some Valiant, you remove,
'Cause they your Maxims don't approve;
And in in their stead such Creatures place
VVhich to th' Employments bring disgrace.
While whatsoe'r you do I own,
And still the dirt on me is thrown.
Straight new Chimear's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;

A Goal-Delivery now muſt be,
All tender Conſciences ſet free ;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Deſign
To make Diſſenters with us joyn,
To pull down Teſt and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cauſe.
The ſly Diſſenters laugh the while,
They ſee where lurks the Serpents guile ;
And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Proteſtant Cauſe,
We did confine, though 'gainſt the Laws :
But ſoon was glad to ſet 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.
Now all is turning upſide down,
Loud Murmuring's in every Town ;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets againſt us come:
The Proteſtants do laugh the while,
And the Diſſenters ſneer and ſmile ;
But no aſſiſtance either ſends ;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.
Now pray conclude what muſt be done,
Conſult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind be ſure they come.

The Propheſie.

WHen the K. leaves of S--*ly*, & holds to the Queen
And *B--wick* has fought as many Battles as
Then *Cl--ford* ſhall look like a Laſs of fifteen, (he's ſeen,
And Popery out of this Nation ſhall run.

When

When *M* — ſhall leave off his Luſt and his Pride,
And *C*—*wall* his Pimp, which none but his breed,
Then *M*—— Letchery ſhall be deny'd.
And Popery, &c.

When *B*— *ly* the Cynick leaves being Satyrick,
And of his Wifes Vertue writes a large Panegyrick,
Then his Manners ſhall fight for his good Natures (Merit,
And Popery, &c.

When *R* —— gives up his 12 *s.* i'th' Pound,
And the Army does *B* — Generoſity ſound,
Then *D* — refuſing of Bribes ſhall be found;
And Popery, &c.

When *G*— his Conſcience ſhall fly in's face,
And rather than Vote 'gainſt the the Teſt leav's place,
And *S*—— likewiſe ſhall have no more Grace;
And Popery, &c.

When *C*— and *D* — for Religion dye Martyrs,
And *C* — refuſes to be Knight of the Garter.
Then the Country no longer ſhall the Dragoons (Quarter;
And Popery, &c.

When the K. from the Word he hath given does (ſwerve,
And the Judges the Oath they have taken obſerve,
Or for breaking have but what they deſerve;
And Popery, &c.

When Archbiſhop of *York* we ſee Dr. *Ken*,
And *Compton* made Biſhop of *London* agen,
And *Herbert* Rule, as before, on the Main;
And Popery, &c.

When *N*--*folk* grows Rich, and *P*--*is* grows poor,
When *N*—— is humble *S*—*cer* demure,
When the Town can love one, & the other endure;
And Popery, &c.

When *T*——*l*'s turn'd out, and an *Ormond* put in,
When the Groom of the Stool thinks declaring a Sin,
Then *Oxford* shall have his Regiment agen;
And Popery, &c.

When the P— of *Denmark* leaves *W*— direction,
And is suff'red to bring what she breeds to perfection,
And a Parliament's call'd by a legal Election;
And Popery, &c.

When *Fe--hams* Conduct a Souldier shall prove him,
And the Chancellour beggs that the King would remove him,
Oh, then we shall see how the People will love him;
And Popery, &c.

When *Petres* and *P*—— Council shall fail,
And if what the Q. goes with shou'd prove a Female,
Lord! How wou'd the Romish Religion prevail,
That out of this Nation it might not turn.

An Excellent new Ballad, call'd, the Prince of Darkness; Shewing how three Nations may be set on Fire by a Warming-Pan.

AS I went by St. *James*'s I heard a Bird sing,
Of certain, the Q. has a Boy in the Spring,
But one of the Chair-men did laugh and did say,
It was born over Night, & brought forth the next day;
This Bantling was heard at St. *James*'s to squaul,
Which made the Q. make so much haste from *White-H.*
Peace, Peace, little Master, and hold up thy head,
Here's Money bid for thee, the true Mother said;

But

But no body knows from what Pariſh it came,
And that is the reaſon it has not a Name.
Good Catholicks all were afraid it was dying,
There was ſuch abundance of ſighing and crying;
VVhich is a good Token by which we may ſwear,
It is the Q—s own, and the Kingdoms right Heir.
Now if we ſhould happen to have a true Lad,
From the Loins of ſo wholſom a Mother and Dad,
'Twere hard to determine which Blood were the beſt,
That of *Southask*, or the Baſtard of *Eſſ*;
But now we have cauſe for Thanſgiving indeed,
There was no other way for mending the Breed.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lilli-burlero.*

OUR Hiſtory reckons ſome Kings of great fame,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub,
But none before this who deſerved the Name
Of *Jemmy Mack Nero, Jemmy Tranſub*;
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

II.

He pick'd up a parcel of Fools and Knaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And make them all Judges to make us all Slaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

III.

III.

Then for the Church he solemnly swore,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He took as much care as his Brother before,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IV.

To D——r the dapper, and C——r the tall,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He added *Tho. W——r* and *Timothy H——ll*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

V.

Yet for all this the Heretick Clowns,
Ninny Mack &c.
Have set out a Fleet to ride in the *Downs*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VI.

And General *Scomberg* fierce as a Bear,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is coming a Board, let him come if he dare,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VII.

For now our brave K——has fitted his Arms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And all our *Dear Joys* are Landing in Swarms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VIII.

VIII.

VVhat though the *Dutch* are ſo Impudent grown,
Ninny Mack, &c.
To ſwear the K— s Son is none of his own.
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IX.

VVhat need they make ſuch a deal ado,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is not our K— a Ch—g too,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

X.

As long as he bought him with his *French* Pence,
Ninny Mack, &c.
For matter of getting the Pope will Diſpence,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by Baby.*

IN *Rome* there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.
The Jeſuits ſwear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutſplutter-anails:
Sing lulla, &c.

The

The Popiſh Crew did all proteſt,
That twenty great men would ſwear at leaſt,
They ſee his *Welſh* Highneſs creep out of his Neſt;
Sing lulla, &c.
The Goggle-ey'd Monſter in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he ſwore:
Sing lulla, &c.
Another great Lord, both Grave and VViſe,
Stood peeping between Her Majeſties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glaſs for to ſave his Eyes:
Sing lulla, &c.
Both were ſo well ſatisfy'd, (cry'd;
They knew the ſweet Babe from a thouſand they
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side:
Sing lulla, &c.
Some ſay 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And thoſe that deny it tis out of Spight;
But God ſend the Mother came honeſtly by't:
Sing lulla, &c.
Some Prieſt, they ſay, crept nigh her Honour,
And ſpinkled ſome good Holy VVater upon her:
VVhich made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing lulla, &c.
The Papiſts thought themſelves greatly bleſt,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Teſt;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Prieſt:
Sing lulla, &c.
The Prieſts in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that ſtay here will be ſure of a Rope:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

F I N I S.